

Losing One

Haenah Kim

I am safe within my covers,
tucked securely in with two kisses on my cheeks,
the door closed and the world far away.
I can't sleep today,
there's a creature on the wall,
bright and curvy,
waiting on the wall.
The courage to touch it is too far away
with its low rumbling constant and loud.
It flickers, it fades, but always returns,
disappearing with large shrieks
reappearing with loud thumps.
It dances upon the paleness of my wall,
always there, and always forever.
A gust.
It's louder than the rumbling of the creature.
I want to help it fight the breathless whirlwind that threaten to take it
away
but I cannot get up to reach with my stubby little fingers
that one day will become like my mother's.
I want to help it fight the sweeping darkness,
but I cannot fight the chains like my father can.
The wind starts to die and darkness returns.
The creature is gone, but the rumbling is still there.
But soon after, there is a loud clap,
the deep dark thud, and the rumbling fading into the distance.
Never seeing the beautiful creature again,
gone
as a companion to the one that left me,
alone and chained tightly to a bed,
hearing all that was said and done.

Fall 2014